YOUR LIFE

MAY HAVE BEEN SAVED!

DRAFT BOARD #33 in Catonsville is missing about 600 records. They were burned last Friday. One of them could have been yours.

The Baltimore Interfaith Peace Mission is an anti-war, anti-draft organization. We oppose the Vietnam war. We oppose the draft.

Last Friday, nine persons -- seven men (including two priests) and two women -- destroyed about 600 draft files at Local Board #33 in Catonsville by burning them with homemade napalm. We support their action.

If you are a young man of draft age, the destruction of these records may have saved your life. NO ONE REGISTERED WITH DRAFT BOARD #33 WILL BE INDUCTED INTO THE ARMED FORCES UNTIL THE FILES WHICH WERE DESTROYED HAVE BEEN REPLACED.

However, this disruption of board 33's operations is only temporary. As soon as they replace their files, they will start drafting men again. If you are of draft age -- 18½ through 26 -- and if you are worried about being ordered to kill and perhaps be killed in Vietnam, you owe it to yourself to find out what your rights are under the Selective Service law.

The Interfaith Peace Mission offers free, competent draft counseling at:

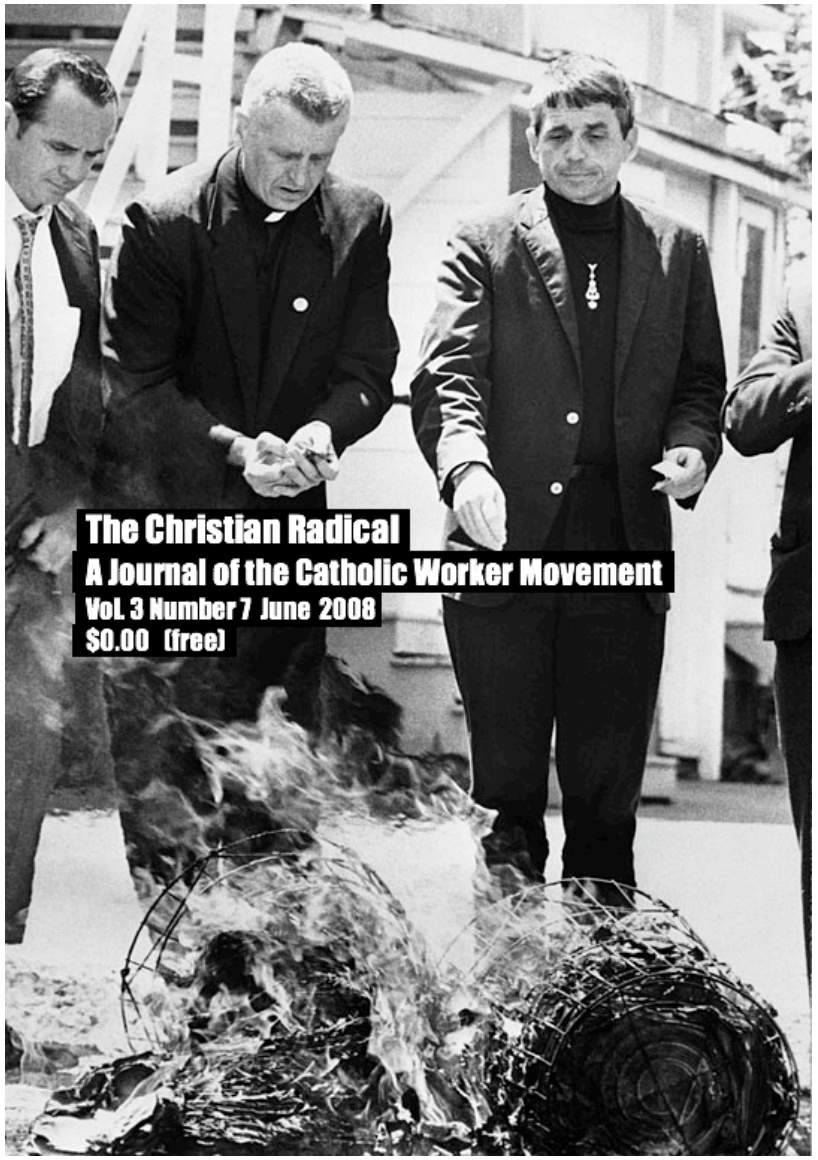
Peace Action Center
2525 Maryland Ave.
Baltimore 21218
889-0065

Also, you may be interested in knowing just exactly who the draft board members are in Catonsville. You ought to be, because these four men are in a position to sign your DEATH WARRANT.

They are:	Edwin A. Steinwedel	26 Holmhurst Ave.	747-9390
	(Steinwedel is ill and presently not active on the board.)		
	Vivian T. Douglas	1603 Ridge Rd.	747-4525
	Anthony T. Orban	100 Locust Dr.	747-2322
	Henry H. Helfrich	4 Dutton Ave.	747-7477

END THE WAR END THE DRAFT

How many people from how many countries need to die before the killing ends?



CONTENTS:

LOVE
A POEM BY ROBERT G. WILL

THE COSTS OF CRIME WAR MYTHS
MUMIA ABU JAMAL

OBITUARY: UTAH PHILLIPS

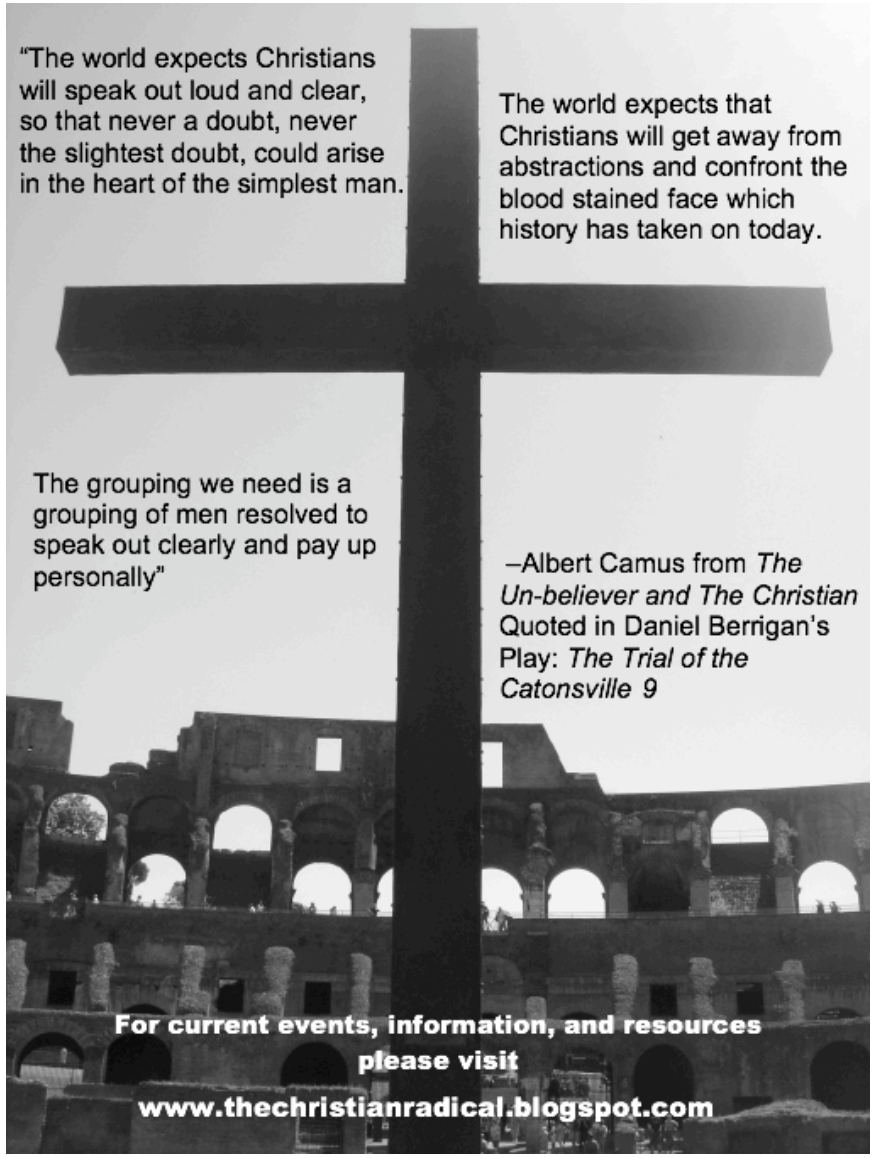
PRAYER OF PHILIP BERRIGAN
JOHN DEAR SJ AND PHILIP BERRIGAN

DIALOGUE WITH GOD
BOOK REVIEW BY J. BARRETT LEE

STATEMENT OF THE CATONSVILLE 9
DANIEL BERRIGAN SJ

HOLY MISCHIEF
SHANE CLAIBORNE

WE BELIEVE SO WE SPEAK
2ND CORINTHIANS 4:13


"The world expects Christians will speak out loud and clear, so that never a doubt, never the slightest doubt, could arise in the heart of the simplest man.
The world expects that Christians will get away from abstractions and confront the blood stained face which history has taken on today.
The grouping we need is a grouping of men resolved to speak out clearly and pay up personally"
–Albert Camus from *The Un-believer and The Christian* Quoted in Daniel Berrigan's Play: *The Trial of the Catonsville 9*
For current events, information, and resources please visit
www.thechristianradical.blogspot.com

Love

March 2008
Robert G. Will

This system hates Love
They'd ban Love if they could
Make a rule against it
Bar Love from entering the prison
Put it on the list of contraband
next to weapons and drugs
But they can't because Love,
real Love is unwavering
A Reality that shatters Plexiglas
A blade that slices through bars
and cracks concrete
Love, the Essence of the Struggle
is pure form
And if they find a
way to ban Love?
Then we'll become co-conspirators
and criminals
Shouting and screaming Love
In picket lines and protests
Inventing new ways
to smuggle Love
through both sides of the fence ✣

The Costs of Crime War Myths

February 14 2008
(c) '08 Mumia Abu-Jamal

I caught a brief snippet of the news a few days ago, of Delaware Senator Joseph Biden's apology for writing, introducing and sponsoring passage of a 1986 Crime Bill which heightened federal penalties for crack usage and possession.

Sen. Biden said he recognized now that the bill was based on myth. Much of it hyped by the daily press, which in turn fed the National phobia about drugs, and pushed politicians to support more and more draconian methods of repression.

While Biden should be applauded for his rare political honesty, one can't help but wonder about the tens of thousands (if not more), who are still stuck in what are essentially life bits, based on fear and myth.

For crack cocaine, despite its fearsome reputation, differs little from powder cocaine, except in how the users and possessors of both are treated by the law.

But fear and myth are the seed corn of American politics, and its prison system. From the very inception of the American prison, foreigners, activists and the poor were targeted for imprisonment. As researchers Laura Magnani and Harmon L. Wray have written in their Beyond Prisons: A New Interfaith Paradigm For Our Failed Prison System (Minn., MN: Fortress Press, 2006):

In 1797, 70 percent of the prisoners in the Walnut Street Jail in Philadelphia were immigrants. The first line of action against the waves of immigrants who have come to the United States has always been the criminal justice system. Prison was used to make "gentlemen" out of offenders who were largely immigrants. In other words, our prison system was used to acculturate these people whose behavior was not accepted by the dominant culture. Immigrants who were active in the labor movement were specifically targeted for criminal charges. [p.108]

Magnani and Wray add that we saw similar usages in the state's repressive machinery after the close of World War II, and more recently, in the wake of 9/11.

Fear. Myth. Fear of the Other.

Sen. Biden, unfortunately, wasn't alone in the business of making laws out of myth. Former US President William J. Clinton's Crime bill added some 60 offenses punishable by the death penalty: and his Prison Litigation Reform act (PLRA), which essentially slammed the doors shut for millions of prisoners who sought to file suits in Federal courts, was similarly based on myth.

But myths are powerful tools for politicians; the question becomes who can successfully manipulate these myths to one's political advantage.

And, while a politician may get elected and even re-elected by such methods, the lives of countless thousands are cheapened and wasted by such myths.

Myths, and press-hyped fear shouldn't be the sources of the law. Reason should prevail.

But as long as we have the system we have, and the politicians we have, thousands will suffer from myth and fear. ✻

"Folksinger, Storyteller, Railroad Tramp Utah Phillips Dead at 73"

Nevada City, California:
Jordan Fisher Smith and Molly Fisk

Utah Phillips, a seminal figure in American folk music who performed extensively and tirelessly for audiences on two continents for 38 years, died Friday of congestive heart failure in Nevada City, California a small town in the Sierra Nevada mountains where he lived for the last 21 years with his wife, Joanna Robinson, a freelance editor.

Born Bruce Duncan Phillips on May 15, 1935 in Cleveland, Ohio, he was the son of labor organizers. Whether through this early influence or an early life that was not always tranquil or easy, by his twenties Phillips demonstrated a lifelong concern with the living conditions of working people. He was a proud member of the Industrial Workers of the World, popularly known as "the Wobblies," an organizational artifact of early twentieth-century labor struggles that has seen renewed interest and growth in membership in the last decade, not in small part due to his efforts to popularize it.

Phillips served as an Army private during the Korean War, an experience he would later refer to as the turning point of his life. Deeply affected by the devastation and human misery he had witnessed, upon his return to the United States he began drifting, riding freight trains around the country. His struggle would be familiar today, when the difficulties of returning combat veterans are more widely understood, but in the late fifties Phillips was left to work them out for himself. Destitute and drinking, Phillips got off a freight train in Salt Lake City and wound up at the Joe Hill House, a homeless shelter operated by the anarchist Ammon Hennacy, a member of the Catholic Worker movement and associate of Dorothy Day.

Phillips credited Hennacy and other social reformers he referred to as his "elders" with having provided a philosophical framework around which he later constructed songs and stories he intended as a template his audiences could employ to understand their own political and working lives. They were often hilarious, sometimes sad, but never shallow.

"He made me understand that music must be more than cotton candy for the ears," said John McCutcheon, a nationally-known folksinger and close friend.

In the creation of his performing persona and work, Phillips drew from influences as diverse as Borscht Belt comedian Myron Cohen, folksingers Woody Guthrie and Pete Seeger, and Country stars Hank Williams and T. Texas Tyler.

A stint as an archivist for the State of Utah in the 1960s taught Phillips the discipline of historical research; beneath the simplest and most folksy of his songs was a rigorous attention to detail and a strong and carefully-crafted narrative structure. He was a voracious reader in a surprising variety of fields.

Meanwhile, Phillips was working at Hennacy's Joe Hill house. In 1968 he ran for a seat in the U.S. Senate on the Peace and Freedom Party ticket. The race was won by a Republican candidate, and Phillips was seen by some Democrats as having split the vote. He subsequently lost his job with the State of Utah, a process he described as "blacklisting."

Phillips left Utah for Saratoga Springs, New York, where he was welcomed into a lively community of folk performers centered at the Café Lena, operated by Lena Spencer.

"It was *the* coffeehouse, *the* place to perform. Everybody went there. She fed everybody," said John "Che" Greenwood, a fellow performer and friend.

Over the span of the nearly four decades that followed, Phillips worked in what he referred to as "the Trade," developing an audience of hundreds of thousands and performing in large and small cities throughout the United States, Canada, and Europe. His performing partners included Rosalie Sorrels, Kate Wolf, John McCutcheon and Ani DiFranco.

"He was like an alchemist," said Sorrels, "He took the stories of working people and railroad bums and he built them into work that was influenced by writers like Thomas Wolfe, but then he gave it back, he put it in language so the people whom the songs and stories were about still had them, still owned them. He didn't believe in stealing culture from the people it was about."

A single from Phillips's first record, "Moose Turd Pie," a rollicking story about working on a railroad track gang, saw extensive airplay in 1973. From then on, Phillips had work on the road. His extensive writing and recording career included two albums with Ani DiFranco which earned a Grammy nomination. Phillips's songs were performed and recorded by Emmylou Harris, Waylon Jennings, Joan Baez, Tom Waits, Joe Ely and others. He was awarded a Lifetime Achievement Award by the Folk Alliance in 1997.

Phillips, something of a perfectionist, claimed that he never lost his stage fright before performances. He didn't want to lose it, he said; it kept him improving.

Phillips began suffering from the effects of chronic heart disease in 2004, and as his illness kept him off the road at times, he started a nationally syndicated folk-music radio show, "Loafer's Glory," produced at KVMR-FM and started a homeless shelter in his rural home county, where down-on-their-luck men and women were sleeping under the manzanita brush at the edge of town. Hospitality House opened in 2005 and continues to house 25 to 30 guests a night. In this way, Phillips returned to the work of his mentor Hennacy in the last four years of his life.

Phillips died at home, in bed, in his sleep, next to his wife. He is survived by his son Duncan and daughter-in-law Bobette of Salt Lake City, son Brendan of Olympia, Washington; daughter Morrigan Belle of Washington, D.C.; stepson Nicholas Tomb of Monterrey, California; stepson and daughter-in-law Ian Durfee and Mary Creasey of Davis, California; brothers David Phillips of Fairfield, California, Ed Phillips of Cleveland, Ohio and Stuart Cohen of Los Angeles; sister Deborah Cohen of Lisbon, Portugal; and a grandchild, Brendan. He was preceded in death by his father Edwin Phillips and mother Kathleen, and his stepfather, Syd Cohen.

The family requests memorial donations to Hospitality House, P.O. Box 3223, Grass Valley, California www.hospitalityhouseshelter.org ✣

The Prayer of Philip Berrigan

Two months before he died, on December 6, 2002, my friend Philip Berrigan wrote a reflection on prayer based on his reading of my book on Gandhi. His call to prayer is urgently needed in these times. I recommend Phil's suggested prayer intercessions for peace and disarmament as we begin the new year of 2003. -- John Dear

* * * * * *

"When you pray, go to your inner room, close the door, and pray to your Father in secret." --Matthew 6:16.

* * * * * *

"I've been reading an excellent book on Gandhi, compiled by John Dear, S.J. Gandhi himself prayed two hours every day, and he concluded that prayer was nourishment for the soul, even as food was for the body, that prayer engendered the essentials of faith and humility, and that prayer, sincerely done, was more valuable than any action.

The following occur to me as worthwhile subjects of prayer:

* that we disarm our hearts and our society;
* that the Holy Spirit subvert, stalemate, and expose preparation for the invasion of Iraq;
* that God intervene in the ecological crises as Lord of Creation, because we refuse to change our abuse of the earth;
* that Americans begin to understand and resist the three-pronged aims for the Bush Administration: the trashing of civil liberties, perpetual war, and world domination;
* that the swindle of 'foreknowledge' by the Bushites of 9/11 be fully disclosed;
* that the 'crime' of 57 years of nuclear and its consequent wasting of our lives and planet, be revealed;
* that Americans grasp that war is our #1 business; that we are a violent, killer people; and that we know virtually little of the nonviolence of Jesus and the Gospel;
* that the scourges of abortion, euthanasia, and the death penalty will be ended;
* that the U.S. withdraw all economic and military aid from Israel;
* that the global war against children be lifted;
* that the rich West contribute medication and food to the global victims of HIV-AIDS; and
* that each of us become people of fidelity, nonviolence, and justice."

-- Philip Berrigan ✻

Dialogue with God: Opening the door to two-way prayer

By Mark & Patti Virkler, (Published by Bridge-Logos: 2005).
Reviewed by J. Barrett Lee

The Mark and Patti Virkler's book, *Dialogue with God: Opening the door to two-way prayer,* explores the place of intuition, imagination, and journaling in the process of one's spiritual development. The Virklers, writing from a conservative and charismatic perspective, argue that Christians should be able to discern God's voice in their own hearts.

After an introductory chapter, the authors explore four keys to discerning the leadings of the Holy Spirit in the midst of daily life, giving a chapter to each key concept. First, one should become aware of spontaneous thoughts and feelings, especially when one is in times of prayer and meditation. Second, one should learn to quiet the mind through exercises such as deep breathing and meditative music. Third, one should make use of visualization techniques by imagining a scene from the Bible or making an effort to remember one's dreams. Fourth, one should keep a journal in order to keep track of these efforts and chart one's spiritual growth over time.

After these chapters, the authors offer an allegorical interpretation of the Tabernacle furniture in the Hebrew Scriptures for the purpose of focusing one's meditations. Next are two chapters on the nature of prayer and how one can be sure that she or he is hearing God's voice clearly. Chapter 9 presents excerpts from the journals of several students who have made use of the Virklers' teachings on this subject. The final chapter summarizes the contents of the previous ones and brings them together under the overarching goal of deepening one's personal relationship with God. The book has several useful appendices giving biblical references and excerpts from Christian mystics and saints throughout history who have had experience with seeing visions during prayer.

I found this book to be highly useful and instructive in the process of learning to keep myself open to the movement of the Spirit in my own spiritual life. Their advice via the four key concepts is practical and simple, which I appreciated. However, the book is not without its faults.

Ironically, my primary criticism of the book is that it does not treat Scripture seriously enough. The exegetical technique used by the authors is haphazard at best. The authors tend to make use of Scripture in quips and verses, rather than in terms of the Canon as a whole, individual books, paragraphs, or periscopes. They completely ignore questions of genre, socio-historical context, and narrative structure. Their use of the Bible seems to treat it more like a book of magic spells rather than a collection of inspired texts.

That being said, I would still recommend this book to readers as a text on personal spiritual development. I have implemented their four key concepts in my own life and have found them to be useful. I have had more success in discerning the voice of the Spirit and I plan to continue to follow some of the Virklers' advice. If one is able to bear in mind that this book is not intended as a work of exegesis, but is rather a resource for spiritual growth, then one can easily excuse some of the liberties the authors take with the biblical text itself. Sections such as the authors' treatments of the prophet Habakkuk or the allegorical interpretation of the Tabernacle furniture bear a resemblance to various monastic texts such as John Cassian's *Conferences* or the *Philokalia* of Eastern Orthodoxy. As a devotional text on Christian spirituality, I highly recommend it. ✳

Three ways that you can help The Christian Radical:

- Link to, and visit our blog **www.thechristianradical.blogspot.com** that's where the new online versions get posted each month and it's where you can read news and opinion pieces that don't get published in the zine itself. You can also sign up to receive the online edition in your inbox by writing to **the.christian.radical@gmail.com**

- Show your support by writing an article or sending us some original photography or artwork. The deadline is always the 21st of the month; send your work along with a *very* short bio (40 words or less) to **the.christian.radical.zine@gmail.com**

- Help us print this thing! We're tired of groups who seem more interested in cash money than grass roots participation, that's why we're ad free and don't ask for money. This zine is paid for by the people who print it wherever it's found. If you would like to help with printing it write to the address above and ask us, we'll happily add you to our list of printers.

- If you *really* want to give some money to someone please send your cash to the Vancouver Catholic Worker or a Catholic Worker community in your area. For a list of Catholic Worker communities world wide visit **www.catholicworker.org** or send your money to:

The Vancouver Catholic Worker
1143 East Pender Street
Vancouver BC Canada V6A 1W6

Thanks for reading and thanks for all of your continued support.

Chris Rooney
Karl Germyn
Editors, The Christian Radical.

Catonsville 9 Statement
written by Dan Berrigan, S.J.

Some 10 or 12 of us (the number is still uncertain) will, if all goes well (ill?) take our religious bodies during this week to a draft center in or near Baltimore. There we shall, of purpose and forethought, remove the 1-A files, sprinkle them in the public street with homemade napalm, and set them afire. For which act we shall, beyond doubt, be placed behind bars for some portion of our natural lives, in consequence of our inability to live and die content in the plagued city, to say "peace peace" when there is no peace, to keep the poor poor, the home- less, the thirsty and hungry homeless, thirsty and hungry.

Our apologies, good friends, for the fracture of good order, the burning of paper instead of children, the angering of the orderlies in the front parlor of the charnel house. We could not, so help us God, do otherwise.

For we are sick at heart, our hearts give us no rest for thinking of the Land of Burning Children. And for thinking of that other Child, of whom the poet Luke speaks. The infant was taken up in the arms of an old man, whose tongue grew resonant and vatic at the touch of that beauty.

And the old man spoke; this child is set for the fall and rise of many in Israel, a sign that is spoken against. Small consolation; a child born to make trouble, and to die for it, the First Jew (not the last) to be subject of a "definitive solution." He sets up the cross and dies on it; in the Rose Garden of the executive mansion, on the D.C. Mall, in the courtyard of the Pentagon.

We see the sign, we read the direction: you must bear with us, for his sake. Or if you will not, the consequences are our own. For it will be easy, after all, to discredit us. Our record is bad; trouble makers in church and state, a priest married despite his vows, two convicted felons.

We have jail records, we have been turbulent, uncharitable, we have failed in love for the brethren, have yielded to fear and despair and pride, often in our lives. Forgive us. We are no more, when the truth is told, than ignorant beset

men, jockeying against all chance, at the hour of death, for a place at the right hand of the dying one.

We act against the law at a time of the Poor People's March, at a time moreover when the government is announcing ever more massive paramilitary means to confront disorder in the cities. It is announced that a computerized center is being built in the Pentagon at a cost of some seven millions of dollars, to offer instant response to outbreaks anywhere in the land; that moreover, the government takes so serious a view of civil disorder, that federal troops, with war experience in Vietnam, will have first responsibility to quell civil disorder. The implications of all this must strike horror in the mind of any thinking man.

The war in Vietnam is more and more literally brought home to us. Its inmost meaning strikes the American ghettos; in servitude to the affluent. We must resist and protest this crime.

Finally, we stretch out our hands to our brothers throughout the world. We who are priests, to our fellow priests. All of us who act against the law, turn to the poor of the world, to the Vietnamese, to the victims, to the soldiers who kill and die, for the wrong reasons, for no reason at all, because they were so ordered—by the authorities of that public order which is in effect a massive institutionalized disorder.

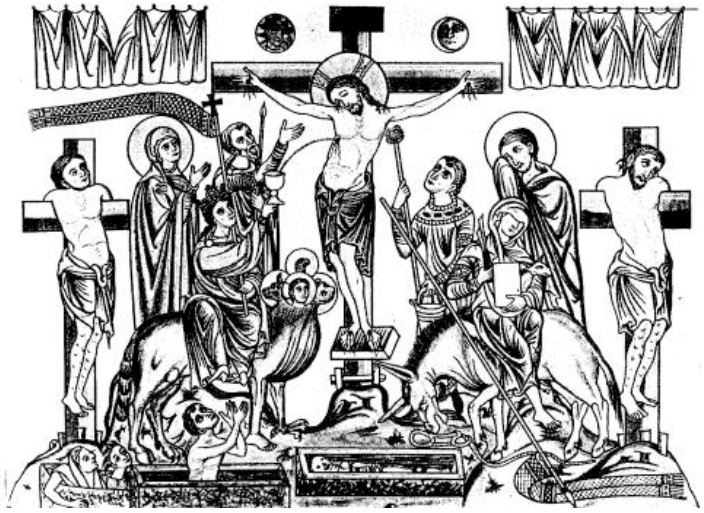
We say: killing is disorder, life and gentleness and community and unselfishness is the only order we recog- nize. For the sake of that order, we risk our liberty, our good name.

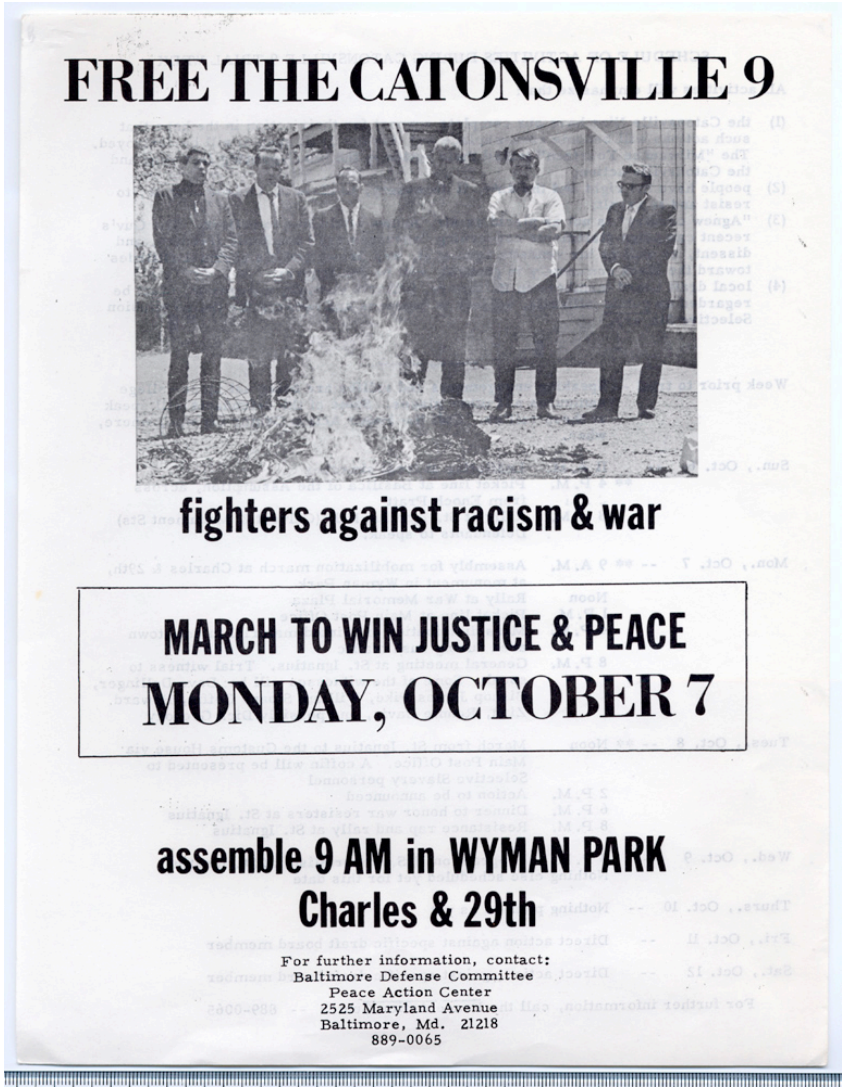
The time is past when good men can remain silent, when obedience can segregate men from public risk, when the poor can die without defense. We ask our fellow Christians to consider in their hearts a question which has tortured us, night and day, since the war began. How many must die before our voices are heard, how many must be tortured, dislocated, starved, maddened? How long must the world's resources be raped in the service of legalized murder? When, at what point, will you say no to this war? We have chosen to say, with the gift of our liberty, if necessary our lives: the violence stops here, the death stops here, the suppression of the truth stops here, this war stops here.

We wish also to place in question, by this act, all suppositions about normal times, about longings for an untroubled life in a somnolent church, about a neat time-table of ecclesiastical renewal which in respect to the needs of men, amounts to another form of time serving.

Redeem the times! The times are inexpressibly evil. Christians pay conscious, indeed religious tribute, to Caesar and Mars; by the approval of overkill tactics, by brinkmanship, by nuclear liturgies, by racism, by support of genocide. They embrace their society with all their heart, and abandon the cross. They pay lip service to Christ and military service to the powers of death. And yet, and yet, the times are inexhaustibly good, solaced by the courage and hope of many. The truth rules, Christ is not forsaken.

In a time of death, some men —the resisters, those who work hardily for social change, those who preach and embrace the unpalatable truth— such men overcome death, their lives are bathed in the light of the resurrection, the truth has set them free. In the jaws of death, of contumely, of good and ill report, they proclaim their love of the brethren. We think of such men, in the world, in our nation, in the churches; and the stone in our breast is dissolved; we take heart once more. ✻





HOLY MISCHIEF

Shane Claiborne

This past weekend marks the 40th anniversary of the historic action of the Catonsville 9 (check out http://www.jonahhouse.org/catonsville40/index.htm). On May 17, 1968, nine men and women entered the Selective Service Offices in Catonsville, Maryland, removed several hundred draft records, and burned them with homemade napalm in protest against the war in Vietnam. The nine were arrested and, in a highly publicized trial , sentenced to jail. Listen to the words spoken by Fr. Daniel Berrigan on that day:

"Our apologies, good friends, for the fracture of good order, the burning of paper instead of children, the angering of the orderlies in the front parlor of the charnel house. We could not, so help us God, do otherwise."

It is acts of courage like this that the prophets were known for. And jailed for. They are an invitation to interrupt injustice with grace. They are an invitation to live with prophetic imagination. These are the kind of prophets who don't just try to predict the future – they try to change it.

One of those contemporaries of the Catonsville action is here with us in Philadelphia – Sister Margaret (we tell her story in our new book Jesus for President). Sister Margaret is one of our wisest—and wildest—elders. Some years back, she and some other Christians felt moved by the Spirit to enact some of the prophecies in the Bible. They drew their own blood, which they planned to pour on the war machines as a symbolic lament of the bloodshed they create. And they had a bag full of hammers and other tools with which to begin the conversion of the things of death into the things of life. Then they showed up for a tour of a navy ship. Sister Margaret was designated to carry the tools, since she was the older nun, the least suspicious. It's hysterical to hear her so innocently tell the story of how she just went through the strict security with metal detectors and bag checkers, praying and trusting God. As she went through the checkpoint, her bulky bag got stuck on the gate, and a guard came to her aid. He took the bag from her and lifted it through the security check, and then he helped Sister Margaret, who just thanked him over and over like an innocent granny. They went onto the boat and began climbing up the ladders, up to the top of the

ship. There they poured their blood onto the side of a Tomahawk missile launcher. She said it looked like a giant star. Then they prayerfully began beating on the hollow metal of the launcher. The sound of each hit of the hammer seemed to echo across the entire creation. It was sacramental. It was as if time stopped. They continued to hammer together, thud after thud reverberating. Sailors began to surround them—confused, paralyzed. Officers told the nuns to lay face down with their hands above them on the deck. And they gladly obeyed. It reminded Sister Margaret of the times the sisters would lie prostrate, face down, with outstretched hands in prayer before God. As they lay there, it began to rain, and Sister Margaret says it was like God was crying.

One thing that's clear in the Scriptures is that the nations do not lead people to peace; rather, people lead the nations to peace. There's a beautiful text in both Micah and Isaiah where the prophets say that the people will beat their swords into plowshares and their spears into pruning hooks. And it ends by saying that nations will not rise up against other nations, and they will not study war anymore. Peace begins not with nations but with the people of God. It is people who humanize the nations, people who follow the Human One that Daniel spoke of rising from the beasts, the Son of Man the gospels proclaim. The end of war begins with people who believe that another world is possible and that another empire has already interrupted time and space and is taking over this earth with the dreams of God. Those dreams begin with people of faith and hope who are audacious enough to be certain of what they do not see. We believe so much that we cannot help but start enacting the prophecies. As our brother Jim Wallis says, "we believe despite the evidence, and we watch the evidence change."

What if we got our best scientists to figure out a plan for converting all our B-52s into tractors?

What if people began to prayerfully take household tools onto military bases and beat the war machines into farm tools?

It has been done. And it will be done again.

We are people who believe in conversion. We believe things can be transformed into new creations. ✳

We Believe so We Speak

2nd Corinthians 4:13

Robert G Will is awaiting execution in the Polunsky Unit of the Texas Death Row. He is a member of the DRIVE Movement http://drivemovement.org/ and knows Steven Woods.

Mumia Abu Jamal is a professional journalist, author and former Black Panther who is wrongfully imprisoned in Pennsylvania his most famous book "Live from Death Row" is available from Harper Perennial the website for the movement to free him is http://www.freemumia.org/

John Dear is a Jesuit priest, peace activist, and the author/editor of 20 books on peace and nonviolence. He lives in New Mexico. For further information and other writings, see: www.johndear.org

J. Barrett Lee is a graduate of Regent College in Vancouver, BC. He currently lives in central New York with his wife Sarah, a Presbyterian minister, and works at the Rescue Mission of Utica. Barrett is also a Deacon in the Free Episcopal Church, an inclusive, independent Anglican denomination. www.free-episcopal.org

Phil and Daniel Berrigan were instrumental members of the Peace movement in the 1960's and while Phil died in 2002 his brother Daniel continues to write and act for peace and the nonviolent reign of God. The peace community founded by Phil Berrigan and his wife Liz McAllister is a major force for peace http://www.jonahhouse.org/

Shane Claiborne is one of the founding members of a New Monastic community in Philadelphia called The Simple Way. He is the author of *The Irresistible Revolution* published by Zondervan. http://www.thesimpleway.org/

The Christian Radical is edited by Karl Germyn and Chris Rooney. Articles reprinted here are done in the belief that the free circulation of information at no profit or cost constitutes fair use by the editors.

THE CHRISTIAN RADICAL IS A PROJECT OF THE VANCOUVER CATHOLIC WORKER

THE VERDICT:

EVERYTHING BEFORE WAS A GREAT LIE.
ILLUSION, DISTEMPER, THE JUDGE'S EYE
NEGRO AND JEW FOR RIGORISTS.
THE CHILDREN DIE
SINGING IN THE FURNACE. IN HELL THEY SAY
HEAVEN IS A GREAT LIE.
YEARS, YEARS AGO
MY MOTHER MOVES IN YOUTH. IN HER
I MOVE TOO, TO BIRTH, TO YOUTH, TO THIS.
THE JUDGE'S TIC-TOC IS TIME'S STEEL HAND
SUMMONING
COME PRIEST TO THE TEMPLE. EVERYTHING ELSE
IS A GREAT LIE. FOUR WALLS, HOME, YOUTH
TRUTH UNTRIED, ALL ALL IS A GREAT LIE.
THE TRUTH
THE JUDGE SHUTS IN HIS TWO EYES
COME JESUIT, THE UNIVERSITY CANNOT
NO NOR THE UNIVERSE, NOR MURDERED JESUS
IMAGINE. IMAGINE! EVERYTHING BEFORE
WAS A GREAT LIE.
PHILIP; YOUR FREEDOM, STATURE
SIMPLICITY, THE GHETTO WHERE THE CHILDREN
MALINGER, DIE.
JUDGE THOMSEN, STRIKE WITH A HOT HAMMER
THE HOUR, THE TRUTH. THE TRUTH HAS BIRTH
ALL FORMER TRUTH MUST DIE. EVERYTHING
BEFORE—FAITH, HOPE, LOVE ITSELF
WAS A GREAT LIE.

DANIEL BERRIGAN
FROM THE BOOK "THE TRIAL OF THE CATONSVILLE 9"
PUBLISHED BY BEACON PRESS
1970

THESE WERE (AND ARE) THE CATONSVILLE 9

MARY MOYLAN RIP

DAVID DARST RIP

PHIL BERRIGAN RIP

TOM LEWIS RIP

DANIEL BERRIGAN

GEORGE MISCHE

THOMAS MELVILLE

MARJORIE MELVILLE

JOHN HOGAN

"THERE IS NOTHING MORE POWERFUL THAN AN IDEA
WHOSE TIME HAS COME."
--VICTOR HUGO